MOORE' WORMS

FOR THE LEARNED

Mr. CURLL, Bookseller;

Who, to be reveng'd on Mr. Pope *for his poisonous Emetick, gave him a Paper of Worm-Powder, which caused that Gentleman to void a strange sort of Worms.*

17. May. 1716.

OH Learned CURLL! thy Skill excells
Ev'n *Moore*'s of *Abchurch-Lane*—.
He only *Genuine Worms* expells,
To crawl in Print for Gain.

From a *Wit*'s Brain Thou mak'st Worms rise,
(Unknown in the *Worm-Evi*)
Fops, Silkworms, Beaus, and Butterflies,
With that old Worm the *Devil*.

Ev'n *Button*'s *Book-Worms* shall, with these,
(Like these with Dust decay'd)
In *Grub-street Rubbish* rest in Peace,
Till *Curlls* their Peace invade.

For Booksellers vile Vipers are,
On Brains of *Wits* they prey:
The very *Worms* they will not spare,
When *Wits* to *Worms* decay.

Sharpers we Caterpillars call,
And fatal is their *Bite*:
On Manors rich they soonest fall,
And thousand Acres blight.

Grave Cits, as buzzing Hornets, swarm;
Their Wives, true Gadflies, rove.
Old *College-Doms*, in Fur wrap'd warm,
Dull creeping Beetles prove.

From

Price Two-pence.

From *Worms Erect* proud *Coquettes* rose;
Yet are but Baits for *Gudgeons*.
The Rake a stingless Drone soon grows;
And Grub-Worms, Old Curmudgeons.

Widows to Leaches we compare,
Still sucking, yet want more.
Sly Prudes are * Cats, that never spare
The *Cream* of humane Gore.

* Among the Rarities of *Gresham-College*, there is a strange Worm, with a Head like a Cat; therefore called by the Vermosi by that Animal's Name. Travellers report many *Indians* perish by this Reptile's venumous sucking their Blood.

Worm-Quacks are spawn'd by Pothecaries,
As Flesh-Flies Maggots breed.
The several Species of them varies;
But All on Mankind feed.

Ah † CURLL! how greedy hast thou fed
(E'er *Worms* gave Food to thee)
Upon the late Illustrious *Dead*,
With Worms of thy Degree.

† Famous for Printing the Lives and Last Wills of Great Men.

Why did the ‡*Venom* of a Prude
Allure thy vicious Taste? —
Safer Thou'dst feast on *Maggots Crude*,
Or with *Tom D'Urfey* fast.

‡ The Court-Poems Printed by Mr. *Curll*.

For see! thy meagre Looks declare,
Some Poison in thee lurks —
Let *Blackmore* ease thy Restless Care —
Or who shall Print his *Works*?

Printed for *E. Smith* in *Cornhill*. 1716.